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The public mind is hungry and must be
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The reporters are the culprits in this matter,
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cherry brandy, cat-meat, and other such
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Pindar's rascals, rise into insignificance
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Barnum, self-confessed to be the prince of
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is-it, Joice Heaths, Tom Thumbs, Com-
modore Nutts, and grizzles. The bulls and bears
of Wall Street manufacture reports, cause their
publication, and reap such benefits and re-
verses as the hazard may produce. The idea
is to deceive, and hoodwink the people.
If the public can be deceived by this method,
let it be. It is not pleasant to announce
one day that the ubiquitous Mosby was shot
all to pieces, and lie at death's door, while
in the next publication we startle our readers
by the statement that Mosby, at the head of
his desperate band, dashed into a Federal
camp, capturing the entire garrison, and
baggage train in proper order. Nor is it pecu-
liarly gratifying to publish in the morning
that Lee has been flanked, his army completely
netted, and must be captured to a man, when
the despatches of the evening state that the
Southern generalissimo has turned our troops,
compelling us to retire behind our own line of
fortifications. "All quiet on the Potomac,"
one day—the next, quite the reverse, "For-
tress succeeds Burnside, and is on the way out,"
stated in one paragraph, and in another that
it is all a mistake. Butler, by report, has
been sent all over the country, but now turns
up safely located at Fort Monroe. It re-
mains to be seen if the principle upon which
the Editor, harped set for items, once filled a
space in a greedy column by announcing in
heart-breaking accents the death of Gen. Jack-
son, and then "contradicting the report," by
way of correction.

For ourselves we are heartily tired of chronic-
ing remounted Cabinet dissensions, bog-war-
my news, inflated stories, and self-contradict-
ing despatches of all kinds. The manufac-
turers of special despatches must cultivate a
decent regard of truth. A "whooper," now
and then, may pass as an example to prove
the rule, and should operate upon the public
mind in the nature of a tonic, so that genuine
news may be appreciated. The present
whole-sale and long-continued abuse of
all respect due our readers, causes us to ex-
claim, with Macbeth:

Bring me more reports!
Let them be false, as I bid.

A SHELL FROM CHARLESTON.—The people of
Charleston, says the New York Evening Post,
are beginning to make fun of their "besiegers."
The Greek fire and the Monitors have done
them no harm; they begin to think that
their batteries and their guns are doing more
North are of the same mind. In a recent
number of a Southern newspaper we find a
calculation of the amount of ammunition
which has been thrown at and into Fort Sum-
ter, and of the results of our firing. It ap-
pears that 8,657 pounds of shot and 115,
450 pounds of iron shot have been fired, and
for every man killed in the garrison; and the
amount of iron is so great, and the price of
iron in the South is so high, and the danger
to life and limb from Gen. Gilmore's and Ad-
miral Dahlgren's projectiles so slight, that
Charlestonians suggest the gathering of old
iron in Sumter as a pleasant and speedy
way to make a fortune.

Here is the Richmond Enquirer's account:
"The bombardment of Sumter, com-
menced on the 17th of August, up to Thurs-
day last, 15,383 shells had been fired at it,
of which 12,302 struck. Of these twenty-two
even have been killed and sixty-nine wounded.
The flag, during the time, has been out
down thirty-four times. The average
weight of shot being two hundred pounds,
the weight of iron was 3,116,000 pounds, or
115,428 pounds of iron to each man killed,
and 30,730 pounds of iron to each casualty.
The charges of powder averaged fifteen pounds,
we have 233,745 pounds of powder used, and
8,657 pounds of powder to each man killed,
and 2,434 pounds of powder to each casualty."

This is what the grumblers say, and we
must own that the operations before Char-
leston are falling into contempt. The furious
battering of a fort already a mere ruin or six
weeks ago knocked into a shapeless mass
does not, it is believed, advance our prospects
of the surrender of the city, and from the
positions we now hold the enemy is not
in the least threatened in any alarming way.
It is no other than a mere attack, in so many
of which have been made by Union generals
in this war, and with constant failure.

In Charleston, then, impregnable? Military
men do not think so; it can be taken; but
there must be some changes in the method of
attack; and evidently so long as the moni-
tors are kept back, instead of being used as
they were intended to be, and their vulner-
ability proved, Gen. Gilmore is help-
less in his present position.

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news, always more or less morbid, has become
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news permeates through every branch of in-
dustry, trade, business, and profession, oper-
ating like an electric shock through the tele-
graphic wires of our occupations. The public
mind now-a-days is torpid at the recital of
"railroad accidents," "horrid murders," and
"mysterious occurrences."

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